

0 11 25 1118556 6



We Olde
Towne Crier

1950

Forsyth County Public Library
North Carolina Collection
660 W. Fifth Street
Winston-Salem, NC 27101

Peggy Sue Riddle

T

Peggy Taylor
1353 Pinebluff Rd
Winston Salem NC 27103-4729

Reserve

Dear Peggy Sue
if your ear has past
and everything have when fine.
first & want to tell you to be
good and be careful to the friends you made.
& hope you have a big time in your
senior year. Going back to school. That was the good old days.
& hope you make a big time the past year
and to have more just like it. Don't forget
the ball game, parties we went to and a big
time at Camp. Let us not forget our anniversary
that I don't like that is known well truck
to ride around in.

This is about all to know now. I will not
forget the ride you took me in the new car. You
were later but did get to ride in it. Well be good
and see you. Best wishes
and good luck
Norman

I love you & hope you love me.

I do think you
are well and
a nice girl.
Will you be
my sweetheart

The Senior Class

Presents

Ye

Old

Town

Crier

of

1950

Be sweet and
Don't do any thing
I wouldn't do.

Old Town High School

Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Love and Laughter

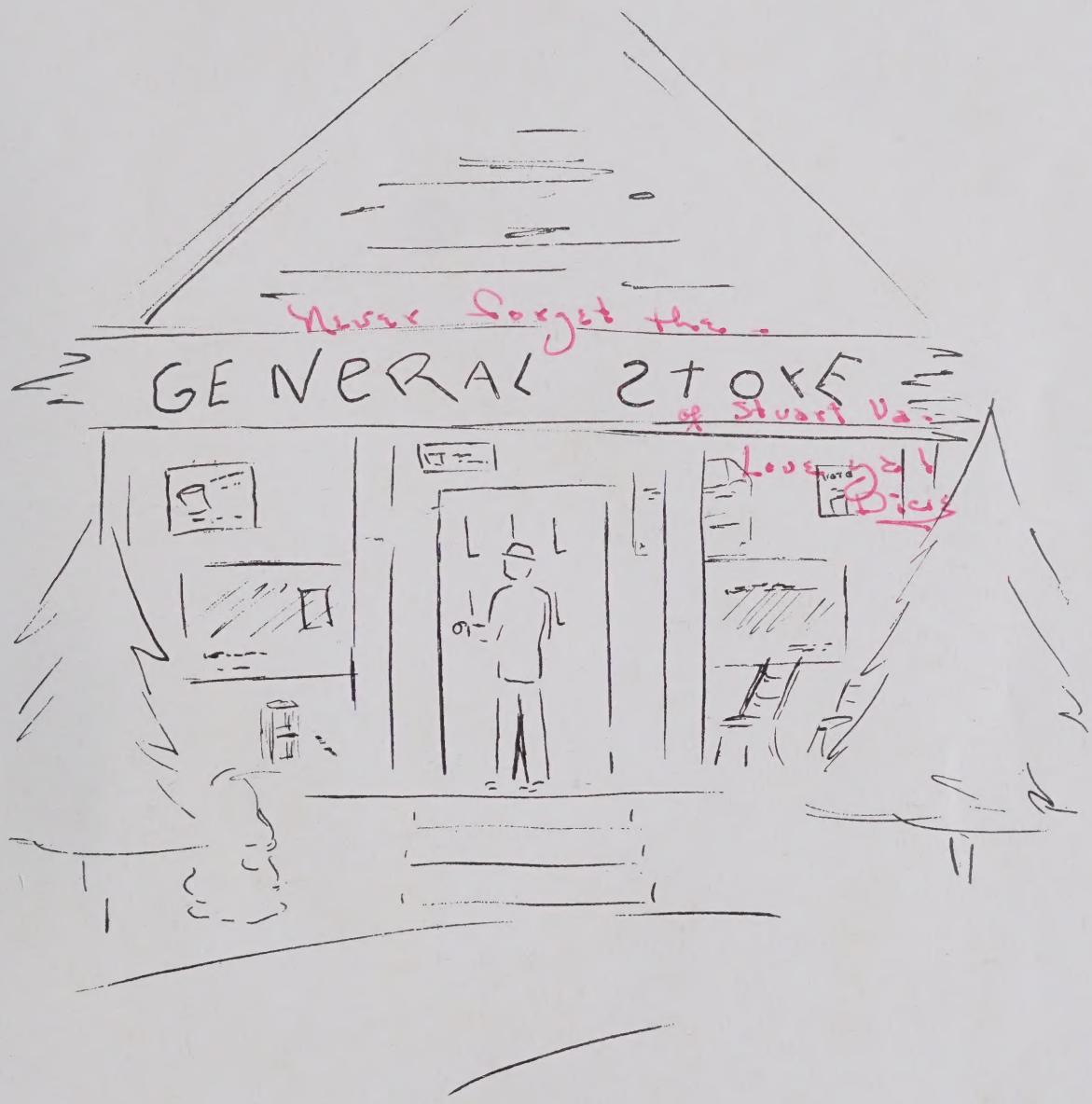
"Tinky"
Peggy Sue

Norman

Along the highways of our history, and at the crossroads of our American way of life stands the general store, an institution dear to the hearts of our people. Though still with us, it is rapidly giving way to our insistence upon specialization, sanitation, mirrored vegetable bins, and chromium fixtures.

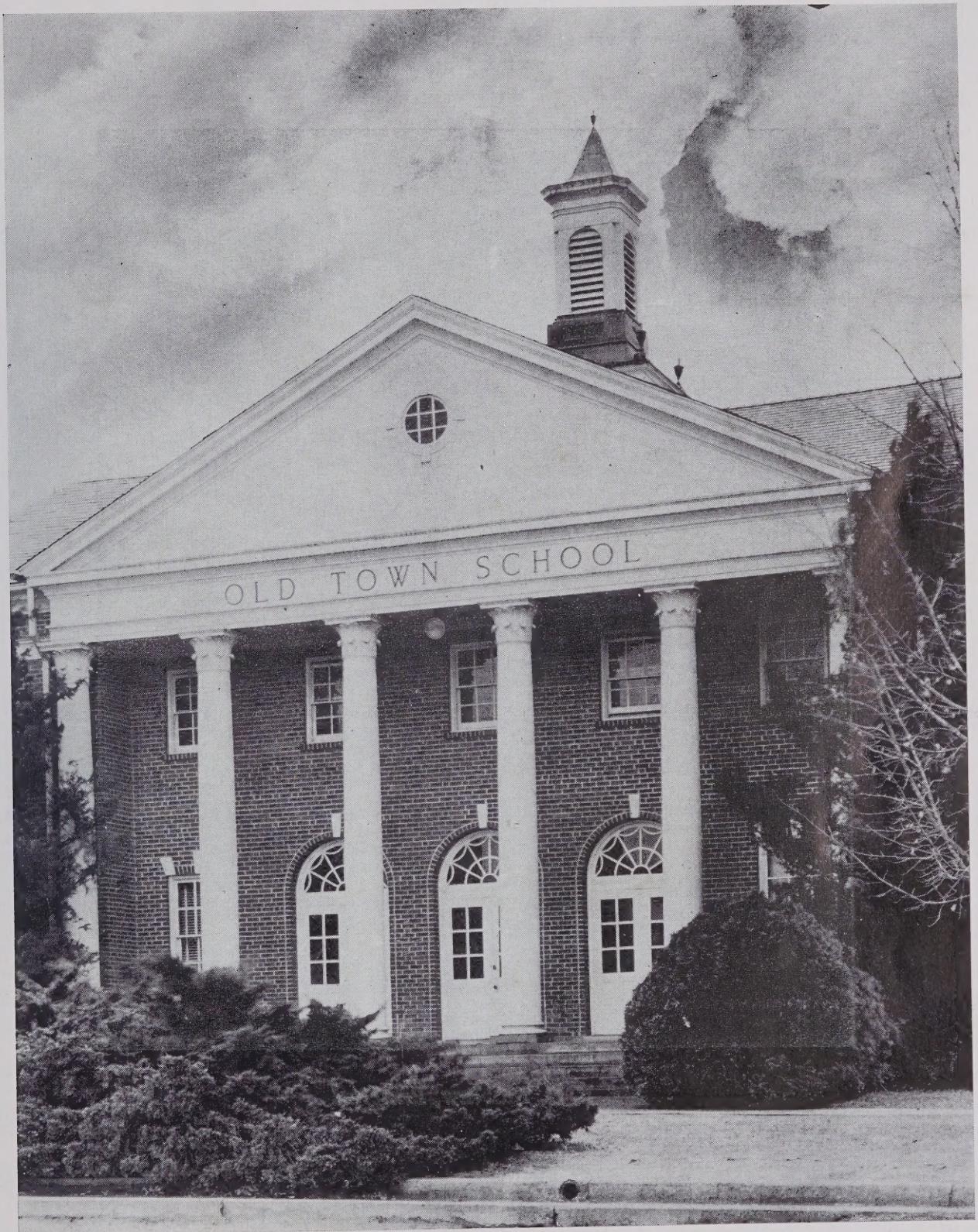
Over the worn counters of the general store passed, and pass, choice philosophy and gossip along with merchandise gathered from all the marts of the world. There, coin of the realm could, and can, purchase the freshest vegetables, the toughest overalls, even, occasionally, a genuine Paris model, or a curio from far away Tibet.

Around its pot-bellied stove, wars have been fought and won, political campaigns have been settled, and presidents elected. There, freedom of speech is uncontested, and national pride in government of the people, for the people, by the people, is forever impregnable to the assaults of all undermining influences.



Dedication

We, the Senior Class of 1950, dedicate this issue of "Ye Olde Towne Crier" to Mrs. Paul R. Newman in grateful appreciation for her enduring patience and helpfulness throughout our Senior year. Our efforts have been crowned with success because of her friendship, inspiration, and counsel. It is with great pride that we dedicate this book to her.





MR. E. K. MCNEW, *Principal*

I hope you will all
have a good time &
see several miles and
have a girl with all
the pleasure.

After we
will have been a pleasure
to teach a spirit who
is learning. Key Street
you always D. S. Dillman

Sara Kennedy
Ail. 1:0



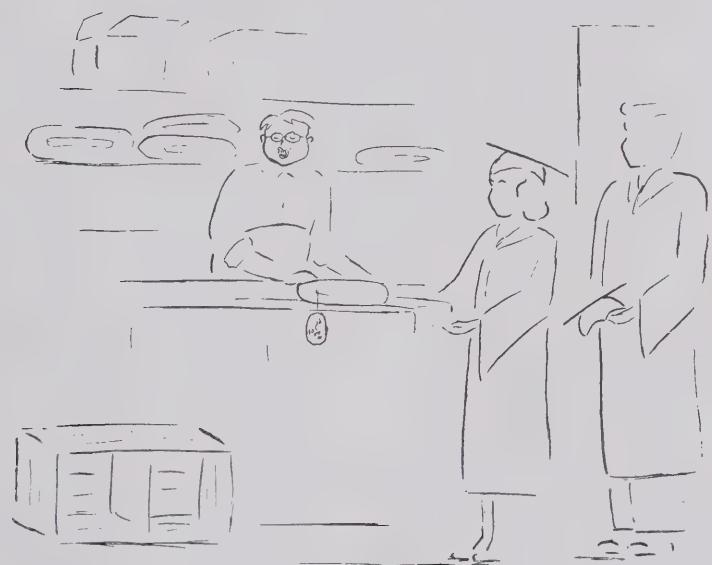
FACULTY

Left to right: Seated in front—Mrs. Gene Pratt, English; Miss Frances Scott, Eighth Grade. Seated in back—Mrs. Robert McLaren, Social Sciences; Mrs. B. H. Helms, Home Economics, Miss Sara Kennedy, Bible; Mrs. P. R. Newman, English; Mrs. C. E. Badgett, Eighth Grade. Standing—Mr. Reid Williams, Science; Mr. R. S. Shore, Mathematics; Mr. Walter Nelson, Commercial.



SENIOR ROOM

*"Please give us your very best fabric for making a successful life;
it must be all wool and a yard wide."*



IMMORTALITY

(In Memory of Hubert Myers, Jr.)

This morning the spring came a-calling
And I waked to the song of a bird;
But, lo, 'twas no bird that was singing,
'Twas the sound of your voice that I heard.

The day still was robed in blue silver,
And a few fickle raindrops fell.
The forsythia new-blooming
Rang softly each small golden bell.

And I smiled—ah, tenderly,
As the bells rang golden and clear,
For plain in their chiming I heard
The sound of your laughter, my dear.

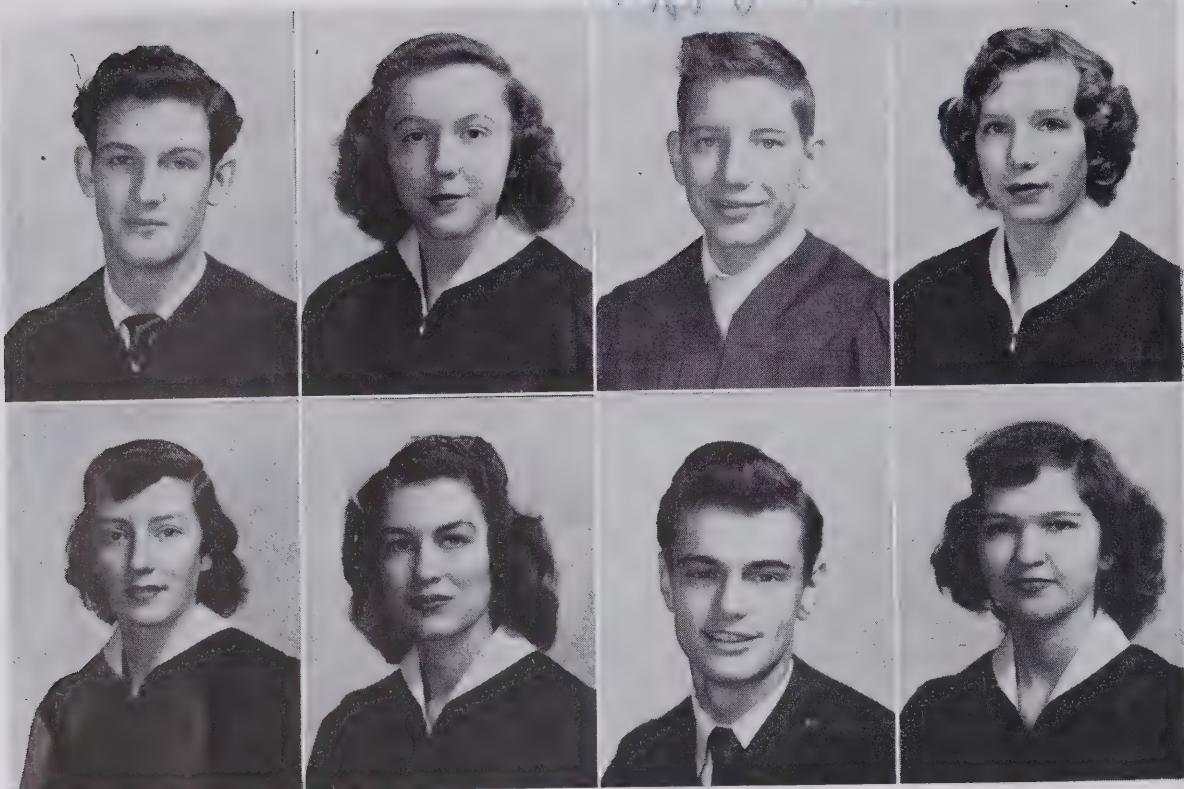
It wasn't the rain a-tapping
Along the quiet street—
It's *never* the rain that I hear,
It's the sound of your dancing feet.

Oh, every small sound of the springtime
That sings in the world outside
Says that nothing of music or laughter,
Nothing of you ever died.



SENIOR OFFICERS

Left to right: India Penland, Secretary; Porter Allen, President; Jane Fulk, Treasurer; Jean Jennings, Vice-President.



Top Row

PORTER GRAY ALLAN

"A gentlemen he was of artless grace
Gentle of voice and fair of face."

Debating Club 1; Journalism Club 2, 3; Vice-President of Junior Class 3; President of Senior Class 4; Bus Driver 4; Vesper Speaker 4.

HELEN KIRBY ATWOOD

"The heart that is truly happy never grows old."
Journalism Club 1, 3; F. H. A. 2; Cheerleader 3, 4.

JOSEPH EDWARD BELTON

"A delightful combination of laziness and enthusiasm;
sense and nonsense."

Radio Club 1; Athletic Club 2; Student Council 2; Cheerleader 3; Journalism Club 3; Newspaper Staff 3; Vesper Speaker 4.

JEAN CAROLINE BELTON

"Of all the lights you carry in your face Joy shines
brightest."

Glee Club 1; 4-H Club 1; Basketball 2; Secretary of Junior Class 3; Cheerleader 4; Class Day Officer 4.

JOAN MARIE BEROTH

"Her voice was ever soft, low and gentle."
4-H Club 1, 2; Dramatic Club 1; Journalism 2, 3.

MARY LOU BLEVINS

(Transferred from Elkin High School 2)

"Here is a lady sweet and wise."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1, 2, 3; F. H. A. 1, 2;
Journalism Club 1, 2, 3; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3.

ROBERT WADE CARSWELL

(Transferred from Staunton Military Academy, 4)

"It is the motive that gives character to the actions of man."
Baseball 4.

BETTY LOUNORA CLINE

"Her air, her smile, her notions,
Told of womanly completeness."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1; Journalism Club 2; 4-H Club 1, 2; President of Glee Club 4; Superior rating in District Contest 4.

*Here's to
a swell girl. "Tell
of back is your
girl."*

*girl
girl
girl
girl*

Bottom Row

Top Row

PEGGY JEAN CONRAD

"Nature was here so lavish in her store
That she bestowed until she had no more."

F. H. A. 1; Cheerleader 1, 2; Journalism Club 2, 3; News-
paper Staff 2, 3; President of Junior Class 3; Annual
Staff 4.

WILMA JANE DEAL

"Never did she on our dear court tarry."

F. H. A. 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Journalism Club 2; 4-H Club 2.

PATRICIA ANN DOCKERY

"For a girl who's friendly, full of mirth
There is no measure on this earth."

F. H. A. 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Journalism 2; 4-H Club 2.

BARBARA ANN DOUB

"A true friend is the greatest of all blessings."

English Club 1; Journalism Club 2; 4-H Club 3.

Bottom Row

MARY ELIZABETH DULL

"Ah, quiet lass, there are but few who know the
treasure hid in thee."

4-H Club 1; English Club 1, 2; Bible Club 3.

CHARLES WILLIAM FEARRINGTON

"He would delight in the athletic man."

Debating Club 1; Athletic Club 2; Football 2, 3, 4.

WILLIAM EDWARD FLYNT

"He became the friend of all who knew him."

Athletic Club 1; Bus Driver 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 4.

RICHARD LEE FOX

"Happy is the man who enjoys life."

Basketball 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Bus Driver 4; Superlative 4;
Journalism Club 3; Vesper Speaker 4; Varsity Basketball
1, 2.



*Best wishes
M. A. S.*

*Best wishes
M. A. S.*



Top Row

JANE ALYCE FULK

"A jolly unselfish personality is the greatest gift of all."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Cheerleader 2, 3; Student Council 2, 4; Treasurer of Junior Class 3; Treasurer of Senior Class 4; F. H. A. 1; Dramatic Club 1; Marshal 3; Superlative 4.

CONSTANCE MARIE HANCOCK

"Living each moment fully."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2.

DAVID RICHARD HAUSER

"A cheerful man is king."

Baseball 3; Debating Club 1, 2; Bus Driver 1, 2, 3, 4; Radio Club 3.

RICHARD FARRELL HAUSER

"Though you were dying, he would make you laugh."

Radio Club 1; Journalism Club 3.

*Peggy said
it's really been
lots of fun. Remembers
these years with went
to school together. Hunter
Bottom Row*

MARY JANE HINES

"Without music life would be a mistake."

Glee Club 1, 2; Journalism Club 2, 3; Marshal 3; Newspaper Staff 3; Annual Staff 4.

ANNA ELIZABETH HUDGINS

"And her eyes smiled with her lips."

Glee Club 1, 2; Journalism Club 2; Newspaper Staff 3; Cheerleader 2; F. H. A. 2; Marshal 3; Superlative 4.

HUNTER LEE JAMES

"Ever pursuing true sportsmanship."

Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 3, 4; Journalism Club 3; Debating Club 3; Athletic Club 1.

IMOGENE FRANCES JENNINGS

"Charming way; winning smile."

Glee Club 1; Dramatic Club 1; F. H. A. Treasurer 2; Journalism Club 2, 3; Gossip Editor 2; Exchange Editor 3; Marshal 3; Library Staff 3; Student Council 3; Vice-President of Senior Class 4; Community Council Representative 4.

Top Row
CHARLES THURMOND LAKEY
Ever changing—ever popular."

Vice-President of Student Government 3; Football 3, 4;
Baseball 3, 4; Journalism Club 3; Cheerleader 3; Science
Club 1.

BETTY MAE LAWSON

"Full of laughter, full of pep, never still, that's her rep."
Glee Club 1, 2; Basketball 1; Cheerleader 2, 3, 4; Library
Staff 2, 3, 4; Journalism Club 2; F. H. A. 2; Newspaper
Reporter 3; Class Day Officer 4; 4-H Club 1.

A. G. LOGAN, III

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the
wisest man."
Baseball 4; Debating Club 2, 3; Radio Club 1; Glee Club
3; Junior Varsity Basketball 1; Annual Staff 4; Journalism
Club 1.

CHARLES THOMAS LEON LONG

"Friendliness makes happiness."
Science Club 1; Debating Club 2; Journalism Club 3;
Baseball 3, 4; Football 4; Glee Club 4.

Bottom Row

JO ANN LONG

"Good nature is the very air of a good mind."
Basketball 3, 4; F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club
1, 2.

PEGGY ANN LONGBOTTOM

"The brightest star is the most modest."
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3.

WILLIAM ELLISON McDANIEL

"Blessed is the man who having nothing to say abstains from
giving us wordy evidence of the fact."
Debating Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1.

DOROTHY ELIZABETH NORMAN

"Her smile of cheer."
4-H Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1.





Top Row

INDIA MAXELLA PENLAND

"She walks in beauty."

F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2; Basketball 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 4; Superlative 4; Secretary of Senior Class 4.

NANCY REGINA PETREE

"Wisdom is better than rubies."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 1; Student Council 2, 4; Journalism Club 3; Newspaper Staff 3; Marshal 3; Librarian 2, 3, 4; Annual Staff 4.

KENNETH WILLIAM PFAFF, JR.

"My heart is whole, my fancy free
Run on small girls, don't bother me."

Baseball 4; Debating Club 2; Bus Driver 3, 4; Radio Club 1.

VIOLET JEAN SEAGRAVES

"A quiet and gentle nature had she."

4-H Club 1, 2; Glee Club 1.

Bottom Row

HERMAN GRAY SHAMEL

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute mischief."

Athletic Club 1; Debating Club 2; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Bus Driver 4; Annual Staff 4.

FRANCES EARLINE SHARP

"Constant source of joy."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3.

BENJAMIN HENRY SHORE

"Dignity formed a mask for him."

Annual Staff 4; Bus Driver 4; Bible Club 4.

RUBY JEAN SHORE

"There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity."

F. H. A. 1; Glee Club 1, 2; Manager of Basketball Team 2, 3; Basketball 4; 4-H Club 1, 2.

CLETUS EUGENE SNYDER

"Not too serious, not too gay,
But a jolly good fellow in everyway."

Radio Club 1; Debating Club 2; Journalism Club 3; News-paper Staff 3; Baseball 3; Student Council 3; Football 4; Basketball 4; Baseball 4.

GEORGIE ANN SWINK

"To hear her sing is to hear the birds of spring."
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Dramatic Club 1; Journalism Club 2;
Club editor of Old Town Tattler 2; 4-H Club 1.

ROGER EUGENE VOGLER

"Men of few words are the best men."
Debating Club 1, 2.

EVA JEAN WOOD

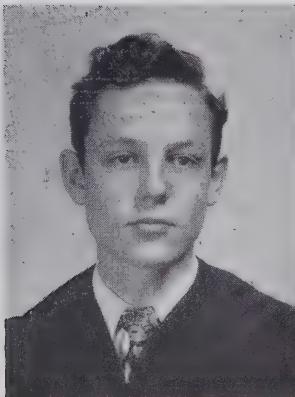
"Life is just a span;
I'll enjoy every inch of it."

Cheerleader 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; 4-H Club President 1;
Class Day Officer 4; Vesper Speaker 4; Dramatic Club 1;
Annual Staff 4; Managing editor of Old Town Tattler 3;
Majorette 3.

MARGARET RUTH YATES

"She's nice to work with
She's witty to talk with
And pleasant to think upon."

Basketball 4; F. H. A. 1; 4-H Club 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1,
2; Junior Varsity 2, 3.



read into it
you don't see
you will have seen
of the review
around girls not
and hat, not
piece. The don't
high up.
in one
we do
ad with
our stand

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE CLASS HISTORY

Looking backard down the long vista of time to that far off year, 1938, I remember how a brand new crop of little boys and girls made their eager, or reluctant, entrance into school life in the first grade at Old Town. Our apples were polished to an extra high gloss, our pinafores and new suits stiff with starch were arranged with loving care! With a nostalgic pang or two, and a wistful regret for dreams that have perished along the way, I look upon that proud group crowding my memory and proclaim aloud that we were really something to see! It was to be an eventful year under the leadership of Mrs. Flynt and Mrs. Trivette. For commencement, the second grade and we combined our talents in a play, "Snow White." Between acts, Anna Hudgins and Jerry Cook sang a duet, and Nancy Petree delivered a fifteen minute oration entitled, "Mother's Clubs," which she had borrowed from the repertoire of her high school sister. Coming events really do cast their shadows before them!

Up the stairsteps of second, third, and fourth grades we went toward education and adulthood. I remember the fourth grade particularly because of the operetta in which we were allowed to take part. Not much of a part, to be sure, but at least we had pretty costumes that decorated the least important sections of the stage. Can you picture Herman Shamel in a cute little brownie suit, and Richard Hauser as a dear little 'burny rabbit with a white cotton tail? Oh, yes, that was also the year Nancy Petree got spanked for not knowing her spelling. Time is an alchemist whose powers are indeed beyond belief!

In Mrs. Sisell's room when we were in the fifth grade, we used to play a game called "Come sit with me." Friz Lawson was the cutest little girl, with long curls and pretty dresses. In our games all the boys wanted to sit with her and Fritz wept bitterly everytime one of them came near! Oh, change! That year we presented "The Sleeping Beauty." Thurmond Lakey was Prince Charming and Herman Shamel was the king. Poor little Herman found his crown and robes very tiresome so he cried from curtain to curtain. Thurmond bent over to kiss Mary Jane Hines, the sleeping beauty. It proved too much for him, and he fell flat on his face!

At the end of our sixth grade the chill finger of death reached out and touched one of our playmates, Gloria Lawson. It was an experience new to us and I can never forget the sense of shock and loss which Gloria's death left on our young minds. I remember exactly how she looked when she was queen in our fifth grade operetta.

We were very happy to reach the eighth grade. We knew we weren't really in high school, but we went to chapel with the high school, and—peak of all joys—we changed classes! No more sitting in the same room all day; no more childish routine of recesses and restrictions! We felt that we had at last arrived.

As the ninth grade was really our first year of high school, we didn't hesitate to take advantage of it. Remember the field trips Mr. Smith took us on, Jane, Wilma, and Jean? Too bad the water was so deep, Jane. Miss Ivey was our home-room teacher.

Just before we returned to school for our junior year, another great sorrow came to us—Hubert Hyers died as the result of injuries received in an accident. He had been one of our most popular members, and his loss cast a gloom over the entire year. We can never forget him, nor grow accustomed to his absence. For us, his step still echoes in the halls, and his merry laughter rings out above the campus sound.

In our junior year, we elected either the college preparatory course or the commercial course. Our class officers were Porter Allen, Peggy Conrad, Jane Fulk, and Jean Belton, and our sponsors were Mrs. Mickey and Mrs. Helms.

The highlight of that year, and indeed one of the bright moments of our high school life, was the Junior-Senior banquet. It was a beautiful party, so we felt repaid for the hard work required in preparing it.

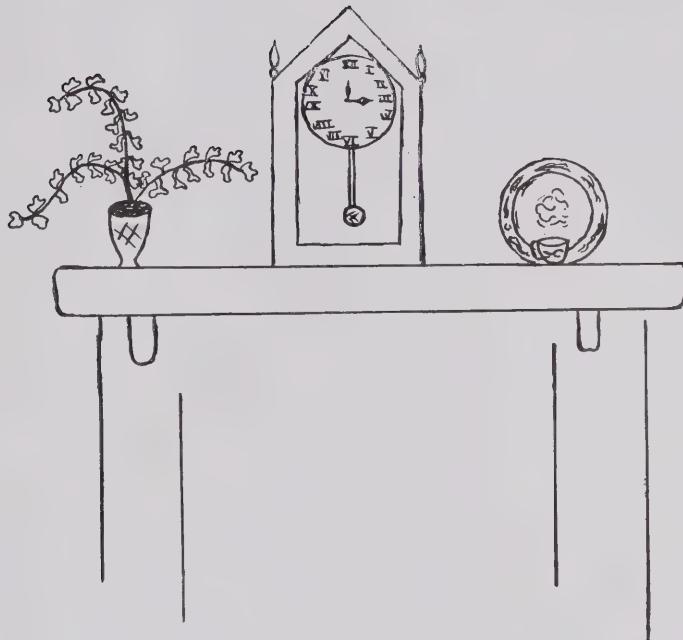
And now—now we are Seniors. Just a few more days and this phase of our life will be ended. We are happy and proud to be graduating, but our pleasure is, of course, tinged with regret. What a year it has been—harder than we ever knew before but a lot of fun too.

Junior-Senior was all we could desire in such an affair. We will never forget it. Chicken pie supper meant fun as well as work, and the senior play brought realization to the dreams of some of our best actors and actresses.

Porter Allen led the class as president, and Mrs. Newman was our class sponsor. We are grateful to her for helping us to develop both mentally and morally and for helping us aspire to bigger and better things.

As these twelve years of learning now end, our classmates will go in different directions. Some will go to college, and some will approach the business world, while others will enter the holy state of matrimony. As we go our several ways into the future, we shall take with us cherished memories of happy days and lasting friendships.

JEAN BELTON, Historian.



SONNET TO THE CLOCK

Oh, Clock, that stands upon the mantel shelf,
How many souls have sought eternity,
While you sat ticking softly to yourself,
Concerned no whit about their destiny!
You've sat unmoved throughout unnumbered
years
And nothing felt but the endlessness of time.
The laughter of men, their sorrows, and need-
less fears
Have never delayed the striking of one chime.
The years recorded by your time-aged face
Have held full measure of happiness and pain;
But you remain a stoic, without a trace
Of any memories you might retain.
If only you to speech, I might compel,
Oh, what a wondrous story you could tell!

Nancy Petree

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the 1950 Senior Class of Old Town High School, being—despite opinion to the contrary—of sound mind, do here-with will and bequeath our most characteristic and prized possessions to such underclassmen and other persons as we deem most able to profit by our bequests.

ARTICLE 1.

SECTION 1.

We leave Mr. McNew and to the faculty our deep gratitude, our sincere admiration, and our lasting affection. These gifts which we bestow from those sections of our hearts and minds which are never touched by the levity that appears to govern all our ways.

SECTION 2.

To the juniors we leave that dark and musty robe called "Senior Dignity." We have seldom worn it, so a good brushing should make it immediately unable.

To the sophomores we leave our extra book reports.

To the freshmen we leave the fun we have had in growing up, as well as the attendant miseries called "growing pains."

ARTICLE 2.

SECTION 1. Individual bequests:

1. Porter Allen wills his tactful way with the women to Guy Carswell.
2. Jean Belton and Helen Atwood leave their sore throats and stiff joints to Betty Pfaff and Faye Wolff. (Of course, Betty and Faye, you'll have some of your own if you go out for cheerleading next year!)
3. To Jane Chadwick, Betty Lou Cline wills her slightly used plans for a bungalow over Lewisville way.
4. Peggy Conrad wishes to leave her interest in the basketball team to Barbara Blakely. (Carry on, Barbara!)
5. Charles Fearington wills his winning smile to Betty Robertson. (It'll take you places, Betty.)
6. "Shakey" Fox leaves his acting ability to Gene Doub. Broadway is really going to be crowded in later years.
7. To Dicie Jones, Jane Fulk leaves her ability to keep the situation well in hand when the Marines arrive.
8. Connie Hancock and Ruby Jean Shore will their tricky defense—you know, the new one they haven't used yet—to the girls' basketball teams of the future.
9. Richard Hauser wills his wit to Kyle Fulk. (Just say anything, Kyle, they'll laugh everytime.)
10. Mary Jane Hines leaves the rain checks of all her opera tickets to Peggy Sue Riddle.
11. Anna Hudgins wishes to leave her well groomed looks to Eleanor Butner.
12. Mary Lou Blevins leaves her startling, blue eyes to Phyllis Hemrick. (Just roll them with care, Phyllis.)
13. C. T. Long wills his innocent appearance and his wolf whistle to Reggie Luper.
14. Jean Seagraves leaves her willowy figure to Jean Jefferson.
15. Wilma Deal wills her knee guards to Dotty Phillips. (They should serve to make Dotty a complete success on the team next year.)
16. Hunter James leaves his red hair to Carolyn Yow. (The price of peroxide should fall!)
17. Nancy Petree wills her executive ability to Ryland Vaughan.
18. Thurmond Lakey wills to Bobby Young, the ah's and uh's that were so useful when Thurmond couldn't remember all his poetry.
19. Ben Shore leaves a stack of all his extra book reports to Max Butner in memory of the day Ben was going to make a book report on one of Zane Gray's books and found Mrs. Newman of a different mind.
20. "Friz" Lawson leaves her curls to Jerry Livengood. (That should save you a lot of time, Jerry.)
21. Georgie Swink leaves her lovely voice to the mocking bird which has become a permanent fixture just outside the office window.
22. Jean Jennings wills Ned Conrad to Billie Russell.
23. Buddy Belton leaves his cure-all vitamin pills to the future seniors. (If those pills effect other grades the way they did Buddy's, I recommend strichnine instead.)

We, the Seniors of Old Town High School, in the year of our Lord 1950, do declare the articles as given above to be our last will and testament, and hereunto affix our our sign and seal, this twenty-second day of May, nineteen hundred and fifty.

JOAN WOOD, Testator.

Witnesses:

The Wild Goose and the Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy.

ISLE OF DREAMS

As night and sleep posses my world,
I drift in dreams to a fairy isle,
A land of make-believe!
There fairies dance by night and day,
Immortals, they, born just for joy.
And there a lake lies blue and bright
With pink-tipped lilies growing.
They dance and sway with every breeze,
And now and then they bend
To kiss the imaged face that lies
Upon the limpid lake serene.
Then, as the sun climbs up the sky,
I leave the golden isle,
And with reluctant feet that fain would stray
I tread the homeward path
That leads me back again
To where reality waits,
Stark and grim.

Jean Belton.

NIGHT

After the flaming sun has gone to rest,
After grey dusk has claimed the tired earth,
Gentle night comes softly.
Like a mother who wraps her little one against the chill wind,
She spreads her dark cloak,
Her spangled, black velvet cloak,
Then pushes the new moon—
The little, silver, crescent moon—from behind a lazy cloud
To wake the stars, that shine three times—
First in the sky,
Then in my heart,
And again in the river's darkness.

India Penland.

NIGHT WIND

At night, the wind, a swift bird flies
 Across the blackened sky,
And shrilly as wild geese in flight
 He screams a mournful cry.

He hurries up the smooth, dark sky
 Where white cloud-children play,
And flings their castles of turrets and towers
 Far up on the Milky Way.

He whistles a bar from the "Emperor's Waltz,"
 And the leaves, deceived by the sound,
Desert their safe place for his fickle embrace,
 And he drops them to die on the ground.

Then, tiring of play, he wearily wails
 About the grave stones white,
And shares the vigil they keep above
 The Dead and the dead of night.

Then, on over earth, mist-shrouded and dreaming,
 The wind-bird, wraith-like, flies,
To waken the dawn by the East imprisoned,
 Ere weary and spent, he dies.

Nancy Petree.

PROPHECY

Crystal ball gazing is but definitely out of my ken. If I were a seer or a prophet of yore, it would have been easy for me to foretell the shrouded future. However, since I am neither, I wracked my brain in vain for ideas.

At last, when Mrs. Newman asked about the prophecy, my peace of mind was completely shattered. Prophecy I must, and prophesy I would.

Down I sat, fully equipped with pad, pencil, and a dish of dill pickles—they would keep me awake at least. One fire burned my spirit; one resolve was imprinted on my mind. One hour, one pad of paper, and five pickles later I had accomplished nothing. My pad was covered with curious doodlings—a contribution to modern art perhaps, but not to modern literature! Already I was drowsy, and I was getting nowhere fast. I might as well go to bed, I thought, ripping the pages from the pad. One drawing however, attracted my attention. It was curious, but vaguely familiar.

Later in bed that design stuck in my mind. Suddenly I saw a cloud of vapor arising from the floor, and from this vapor appeared a genie of vaguely familiar appearance. Then I realized why he seemed familiar, he strangely resembled the curious design of my doodling. Bowing low, he spoke in the stilted phraseology of a forgotten day. "If my lady be pleased to accompany her unworthy servant, he will open for her the door which is now closed."

Practically overcome by all this, I agreed as if in a trance. Suddenly, I felt myself engulfed in a cloud of a vapor. When the vapor cleared, I found myself before a hotel in New York City.

Silently I followed the genie up the marble steps leading to the entrance of the Hotel. Suddenly I stopped as before my eyes appeared two of my classmates, clad in uniforms. Yes, Connie Hancock and Helen Atwood had realized the ambition of their high school days—they were full fledged members of the Waves.

As we entered the lobby I read these amazing words over an office door, Jean Belton, Public Stenographer. As I peeped in the office I saw my old friends Peggy Conrad and Herman Shamel. Imagine my surprise when I heard Jean refer to them as Duke's new head basketball coach and his wife. They were in New York for Duke's big game at Madison Square Garden.

I wanted to talk, but the genie reminded me that we were invisible.

We left the hotel and proceeded to Radio City, still cailed that although radio had been completely replaced by television. From listening to the guide's explanation I learned that the Metropolitan Opera Company's famous soprano, Georgie Swink, accompanied by the renowned pianist, Mary Jane Hines, was about to sing for a weekly program which was now in progress in Studio A. In Studio B those well known actors Richard Fox and Mary Lou Blevins were rehearsing for their performance of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." In another Studio the star of the New York Knickerbockers was making a guest appearance on a sports program. Who should this prove to be but my handsome classmate, Eugene Snyder.

Stopping before a billboard I read that at CBS, America's favorite comedian, Richard Hauser, had replaced the Jack Benny show with his own program. Well, Richard was our class wit.

The genie nodded, and I found myself in a huge building filled with the clatter of typewriters. There the New York Times' newly appointed sports editor, Hunter Lee James, was interviewing the Green Bay Packers' star right-end, Charles Fearington. Across the hall in the editor's office Joan Wood was busily writing editorials.

Then I found myself in the business district of New York, in front of Sears and Roebuck and Company. A large sign proclaimed that A. G. Logan was president. Well, A. G. always was good at business. Across the street I saw Imogene Jennings rearranging the show windows of her large establishment. It had become the smart thing to have your house decorated by Imogene, widely acclaimed interior decorator.

In her pent house apartment I found Anna Hudgins entertaining at a very ritzy party. Anna was celebrating the recent announcement of her being chosen one of the best dressed women of the world. From one glance at her ensemble I could understand why.

Again the genie and I were swept away. This time to the Copacabana night club. Who should appear but Bob Carswell clad in a tuxedo. Bob looked so dignified that for a minute I thought he was the head waiter instead of the owner. Seated at one of the tables were Frances Sharp, Joan Long, Dorothy Norman, and Jean Seagraves. They were on vacation from their office jobs back in Winston-Salem. Out in front Peggy Longbottom was checking hats. I remember that she received her experience at the Forsyth Theatre back home.

I was beginning to wonder if the whole Old Town class of 1950 had moved to New York when suddenly I felt myself sped to Toledo to the brilliantly lighted ball park. Who should be on the field but K. W. Pfaff, shortstop, and C. T. Long, catcher, and to top it all their club was winning.

As swiftly as we had come we were whizzed away. We landed in Reno, Nevada. No, none of my classmates were getting divorces, but one of them, Bill McDaniels was operating his own casino. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time and Bill, the best of all. As I marveled at the complexity of it all I was swept away to Texas where the Governor was entertaining the senior Senator. The host was Buddy Belton, his guest, Ben Shore. Who would have thought they would have come to this.

In Miami in front of a large building I saw a small sign, quiet and elegant. It read: Porter Allen and Thurmond Lakey, Morticians.

Then I found myself on Miami Beach where I saw a handsome man accompanying an attractive young woman, yes, Roger Vogler and his wife! The world's champion billiard player had made his fortune and retired to Florida. I was drawn from my amazement by a terrific roar overhead. I looked up and saw Bill Flynt waving from the window of his jet plane. Well, I guess from school bus number 33 to jet planes wasn't such a step for Bill after all, judging by the way he used to drive.

In one of those lush night clubs that border the beach I found Mary Dull selling cigarettes.

The genie nodded again and we were whisked in a cloud of vapor to the Pacific Coast where I saw Joan Beroth drowsing in the sun. Her lunch room business must have been successful!

In a nearby gym crowded with wide-eyed pupils I saw Barbara Doub giving swimming lessons. Who wouldn't be eager to receive instructions from the Olympic Champion? In the same gym I saw All-Americans Wilma Deal and Ruby Jean Shore on the basketball court, passing the ball as smoothly as they used to at Old Town.

We left California and were swiftly sped to the nation's capital, right in the middle of the White House. There was Nancy Petree, the first woman president, busily vetoing bills sent in by Congress.

I was growing tired and no spot I had seen seemed so beautiful or desirable to me as the green hills of home to which the genie and I were returning. Swiftly I sped past identical white cottages overlooking a rolling farm. I knew at a glance that was Betty Lou Cline and India Penland hanging out clothes on identical lines in identical back yards! And there close by stood the small white church where Jane Fulk and her preacher husband served a devoted congregation. I saw Jane standing on the church steps looking younger and prettier than ever. Her husband stood in the arched doorway, but unfortunately his back was turned and I could not see his face. How I wish I could have identified him!

A loud bang returned me suddenly to earth and reality. Could I have been dreaming? Wow, what a supercharged, atomic dill pickle that was I ate last night!

"FRIZ" LAWSON, Prophet.

MOON MAGIC

When everything was dark and still
I slipped outside last night
To see how sweet my flowers bloomed
By the new moon's light.

Beside the brook there nestled sweet,
A wee, pink lady-slipper
And down upon it spilled the dew
From Heaven's lovely Dipper.

A marigold then called to me
And whispered in my ear,
"Be very careful where you tread,
A baby bird sleeps near."

She rambled on in friendly wise,
"We're having lovely weather,
And if you look beneath that tree
You'll find a red bird's feather."

I thought I heard, as I turned away,
A pleasant-sounding chuckle,
And there a cricket sat and laughed
Upon the honeysuckle.

Since moonlight and magic are fickle and fleeting,
And stardust and perfume are rare,
I gathered everything I saw,
Yet left it growing there.

Jean Belton.

FAITH

Palely
Shine the stars
Through the springtime gloaming,
But bright and clear they pierce the winter's
Darkness.

Hunter Lee James.

SUNSET

The sun,
A dying ember
On Heaven's majestic hearth,
Burns the day, slowly and sadly,
To ashes.

Buddy Belton.

THE CASE OF THE LITTLE POINTER

"Be careful in going over the things in the chest Gramp left you. Some of them might be valuable. You never know." These words from the letter my brother Jack had written me, stuck in my mind as I sat there in front of the old walnut chest. This chest had stood in my room during the ten years I had lived with my grandfather, and at his death it had been sent to me by the aunt who had inherited the rest of his property. In it, she had left the things which had been stored there. It was of these things that my brother spoke.

I had to inspect the miscellaneous assortment hurriedly, because Jack would arrive within an hour. He could stay only a short time, so I could show him only the things which appeared to me to be valuable. As I unpacked the chest, my only thought was that, perhaps, from the sale of these things I could get the additional five hundred dollars I needed for my long-awaited ardently-desired trip to Europe.

First, I took from the chest, a bundle of letters, yellow with age and tied with a faded lavender ribbon. I hadn't time to read the letters but the stamps looked valuable. Perhaps Jack would be interested in these, so I put them aside to be saved.

Next, I pulled out some handwoven woolen and linen coverlets. They might be worth keeping, so I put them with the letters. In a box among these coverlets, I found some odd pieces of jewelry. I didn't know whether they were valuable or not, but I added them, anyway, to the pile of letters and coverlets.

Then, at the bottom of the chest was a collection of small hand-carved figures. I knew they were worthless. My great-grandfather had been a ceaseless whittler and his carvings had littered my grandfather's house. I had come to hate them during the years I had been obliged to dust them. I don't know why they were sent to me, except, that my aunt wanted, perhaps, to get rid of them. At random, I selected one — a pointer, artfully carved with clear-cut lines, almost lifelike, and not more than three inches in height. The other figures were as tiny and as well carved. In all there must have been about twenty-five or thirty of them, all over a hundred years old.

I put the pointer aside as a keepsake. Then gathering up the rest of the figures, I carried them to the open fireplace in the den and threw them on the blazing fire. The old wood kindled easily, and soon the figures were completely burned.

As I was returning from the den, I heard the doorbell ring. I opened the door and found Jack, busily brushing the light snow from his hat and coat.

After embracing me warmly, he asked about the chest and its contents. Taking his hand, I led him up the steps to my room.

"I've just finished sorting the things," I said. "I don't know whether they are valuable or not, but there are some handwoven coverlets and some jewelry, besides some old letters with stamps that might be valuable."

As he knelt on the floor looking at the things I had selected, I stood by waiting eagerly. At last he shook his head and said, "I don't know, Sis. It doesn't look too good. The coverlets are handwoven, but not in a very elaborate pattern. The jewelry is cheap. As for the stamps on the letters — they are old, but not very rare. I'd say everything in the chest would be worth not more than a hundred dollars."

Then he picked up the miniature I had kept as a remembrance. "It's too bad you don't have any more of these," he said. "I bet Gramp would be surprised to know antique dealers are paying twenty-five dollars and more for pieces like this!"

R. P.

PROBLEM DAUGHTER

My mother says I cannot go
Out with the gang to see the show.
Somehow I think she's strict with me,
But she says, "Just you wait and see!"

"Some day you'll have a daughter, too,
Who'll be a problem then to you,
Who'll want to waste her precious days
Instead of learning lady-ways."

Then I say, "But I'm getting old,
Fifteen years I've lived all told;
Soon for me will youth be fled!"
Mother sighs and shakes her head.

I guess there's really nothing new
In mine and Mother's points of view.
Two roads run north and never meet;
Two roads for mother-daughter feet.

Jane Fulk.

MODERN MISS

Fair Romeo and Juliet,
No truer loves have ever met;
They weren't like young folk of today
Who never fool their time away
As such a very simple thing
As having one beau on the string.
Instead of one, three swains or more
A pretty girl finds at her door.
My ma an' pa thought it was right
To fall in love at very first sight,
But ere I land what grabs my hook,
I plan to take a second look.
While I am young I want my fling,
With dates and clothes and everything.
I want to pluck flowers and dance with the wind,
And dream that such joys can never end.
I have no wish to settle down;
The thought of marriage makes me frown.
Since wedded life is not all roses,
I'll wait, at least, till a man proposes.

Mary Lou Blevins.

INTROVERT

Oh, why must I always dissemble
Why must I shiver, shake, and tremble
If I my "self" could just unbind
 I'm sure I'd find
 Within my mind
An egotistical "me" confined.
A "me" that leads me on a trail,
Up a mountain, down a vale,
That makes me blush when I'd grow pale,
 Then makes me too blue,
 And too glad, too,
A "me" I simply can't subdue.
If my own faults I did not cherish,
If I could only let them perish,
I'm sure at last I'd get my wish,
 Subdue this "I"
 Whom I decry,
And the raucous rascal, "me," deny.

Pat Dockery.

TRANSITION

Far out
On old blue ocean
A pirate ship at sea
By raging storm and blowing wind
Is doomed.

And soon
The ship will lie
Upon the ocean floor
It's gold, its men will be henceforth
—Fish food.

Herman Shamel.

WATCH THE BIRDIE

At school there is much posing for pictures at this season when the yearbook is just beginning to get under way. It is always exciting to see the days roll around when photographs are to be made. This year the boys roamed the halls looking surprisingly human in unaccustomed suits and ties — this was only for that one day, you understand. Every girl wanted to be sure each hair was in place.

Do you know the correct way to sit? Do you know just how you are going to smile? Oh, it was really fun, but, of course, you never know how you posed for a picture until you see it.

Then today the proofs came back, and everybody wanted to know immediately what had happened, and why did they look so terrible. It is natural that we should want the pictures to flatter us. You hardly ever see one that does.

Excitedly I grabbed my proof and hurried away to enjoy it in private. Our photographer had said on good authority, and I quote, "Cameras don't lie," but somehow I'm not sure, because I know I don't look like that proof. Back out of my memory I dragged the episode of taking my picture. It went like this —

"Sit up straight," said the photographer, and I did. "Look natural," he said, and I did. At least I slumped, which was natural.

"Look pleasant, but don't smile," he said, and I complied. It was easy — I just thought about the date I didn't have for Saturday night. "Smile," said Mr. T., and, if I am to believe the proof, I obliged with the silliest, most self-conscious, most vacuous, most genuinely idiotic smirk that ever contorted the face of man or beast.

Again I consulted my proof — my hair I had brushed, curled, and generally groomed to its very best possible appearance, but here it lay against my hollow cheek with a limp, dispirited, wholly discouraged air.

I said, "hollow" cheek. Only one was hollow — the other bore mute testimony to my thrift which would not allow me throw out an almost new wad of bubble gum.

I called my best friend, and swearing her to secrecy, I showed my proof. Waiting for her words of horror and sympathy, I was amazed to hear her exclaim, "Oh, it's so much better than mine! Aren't you *thrilled*? Why, it's *exactly* like you!"

Jean Belton.

THE COWBOY'S LIFE

The bawl of a steer,
To a cowboy's ear,
Is music of sweetest strain.
And the yelping notes
Of the gray coyotes
To him are a glad refrain.

To the lilt of a song
He gallops along
And he thinks of a little gal
With long black hair
Who is waiting there
By the bars of the home corral.

For a kingly crown
In a noisy town
His saddle he wouldn't exchange;
"Oh, a life that's free
Is the life for me,"
He sings to the rolling range.

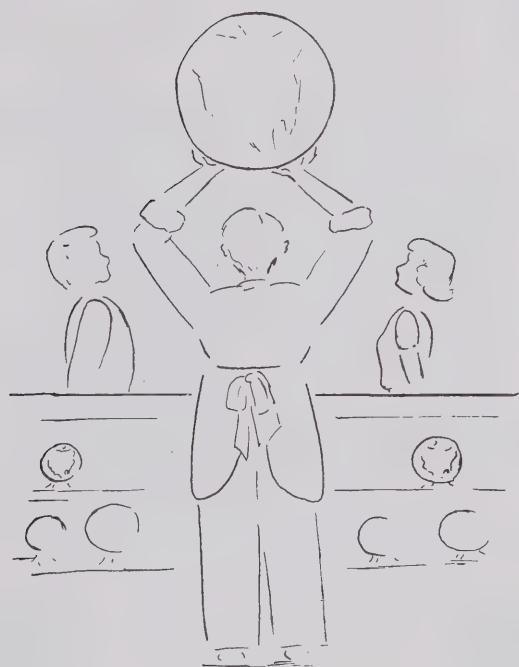
His eyes are bright,
And his heart as light
As the smoke of his cigarette;
There's never a care
For his soul to bear,
Nor trouble to make him fret.

The rapid beat
Of his horse's feet
On the dirt as he speeds along;
Keeps living time
To the jolly rhyme
Of his rollicking cowboy song.

Saddle up, boys,
For the work is play,
When love's in the cowboy's eyes —
And his heart's as light
As the clouds of white
That swim in the summer skies.

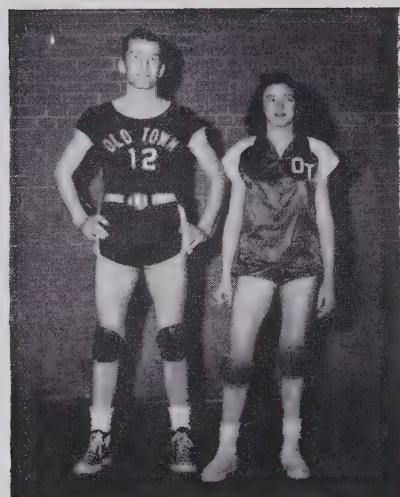
Mary Lou Blevins.

"For your superlative qualities the world is yours for the asking."





BEST ALL-AROUND
Peggy Conrad; Bill Flynt



MOST ATHLETIC
Herman Shamel; Wilma Deal



MOST INTELLECTUAL
Nancy Petree; Buddy Belton



BEST LOOKING
India Penland; Eugene Snyder



BEST DRESSED
Anna Hudgins; Porter Allen



WITTIEST
Jean Belton; Richard Hauser



MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED
Peggy Conrad; Eugene Snyder



MOST POPULAR
Thurmond Lakey; Jane Fulk



MOST TALENTED
Buddy Belton; Mary Jane Hines



MOST ORIGINAL
Richard Fox; Joan Wood

To P.S.R.

Don't ever forget me and my senior caps.
I really want some.

Remember the fun we had at Jr. A.
Senior caps and gowns, if you please, sir."

and at my house afterward. All the committee
meeting of the Big Fair.

We also were talking about Mr. Turner.

Don't you remember about the fun in the
old days.



Remember the fun we had at the
Big Fair.

Mr. - Mainly -
intended -



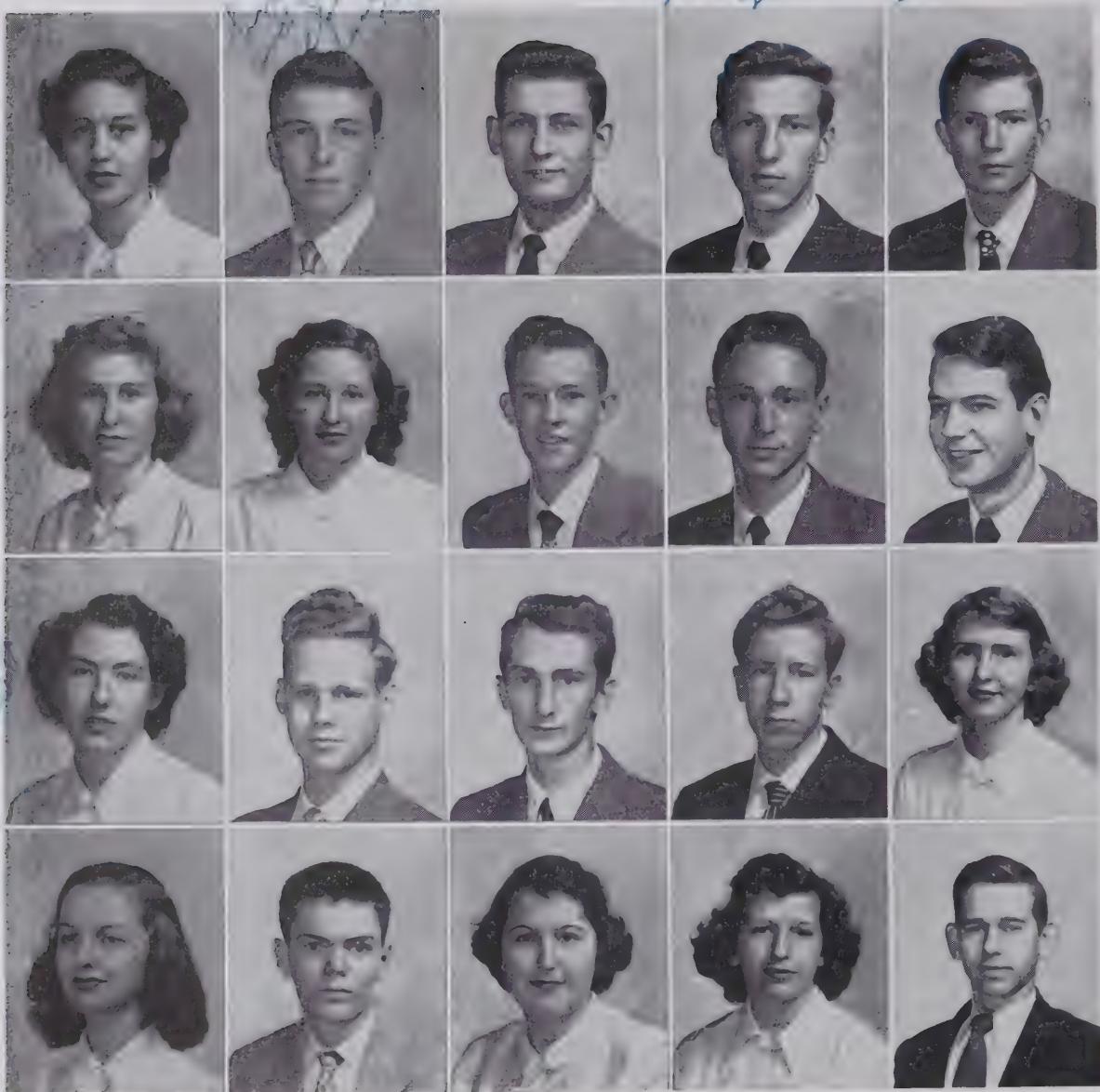
JUNIOR OFFICERS

Left to right: Hubert Cartner, Vice-president; Mary Ausband, Treasurer; Peggy Riddle, Secretary;
Jean Oehman, President.

Have enjoyed
going to school with
you this year and
we hope to see you again.

Smith Beroth

Good
luck
to you
Janice



First Row: Mary Ausband, Bill Barton, A. W. Beroth, Smith Beroth, Vernice Beroth.

Second Row: Grace Blackburn, Nell Blakeley, Max Butner, Hubert Cartner, Hugh Coltrane.

Third Row: Sarah Coltrane, Ned Conrad, Douglas Carter, Carl Dickerson, Dorothy Fearnington.

Fourth Row: Phyllis Hemrick, Bryan Hill, Jeanne Jefferson, Dicie Jones, Roy Jones.

First Row: Jerry Livengood, Mitzie Loflin, K. W. Long, Delores Longbottom, Reggie Luper.

Second Row: Libby Marshall, Gladys Michael, Jean Oehman, Jimmy Pinnix, Nancy Pitzer.

Third Row: Peggy Riddle, Billie Russell, Evelyn Shamel, Hubert Sharpe, Betty Snyder.

Fourth Row: Leonard Snyder, Jeannette Summerlin, Betty Thomas, Ryland Vaughan, Louise Whitman.



*Remember all the
days we've had
to go around
and see and this
was me. Nancy*

*Well I'm going to
be with you for the rest of my life*

EIGHTH GRADE

First Row: Miss Scott, Buddy Conrad, Nancy Conrad, Pat Ross, Wayne Buie, Barbara Caudle, Ann Bailey, Jessie Lee Vernon, Lois Murphy, Buddy Daniels. *Second Row:* Rebecca Sapp, Carolyn Allen, Roger Arrington, Richard Adams, Richard Yarbrough, Kenneth Casey, Herman Beeson, Martha Ann Boose, Yvonne Lakey, Tommy Blakley. *Third Row:* Carolyn Riddle, Andy Oberhofer, Donald Patterson, Edward Fox, Richard Dilworth, Sanford Cartwright, Mathew Styers, Martha Ruth Boose, Cecile Deal, Gale Halcomb.



First Row: Mrs. Badgett, Kay Long, Peggy Grubbs, Gail Redding, Loretta Disher, Joy White, Peggy Tesh, Shirley Holt. *Second Row:* Melvin Hunter, Larry Mink, Don Hemrick, Rubert Bowen, Mack Lackey, Roger Scott, Louis Wallace, Bill Sheek, Peyton Foster, Gayle Clifton, Charlotte Dou'b, Arnold Myers, Sylvia Norman, John Lee Conrad, Jimmy Norman, Jimmie Reich, Carol Ferguson, Clay Swaim, Eddie Tuttle, Martha Davis.

"A big bag of jelly beans, please, and some lollipops and balloons.

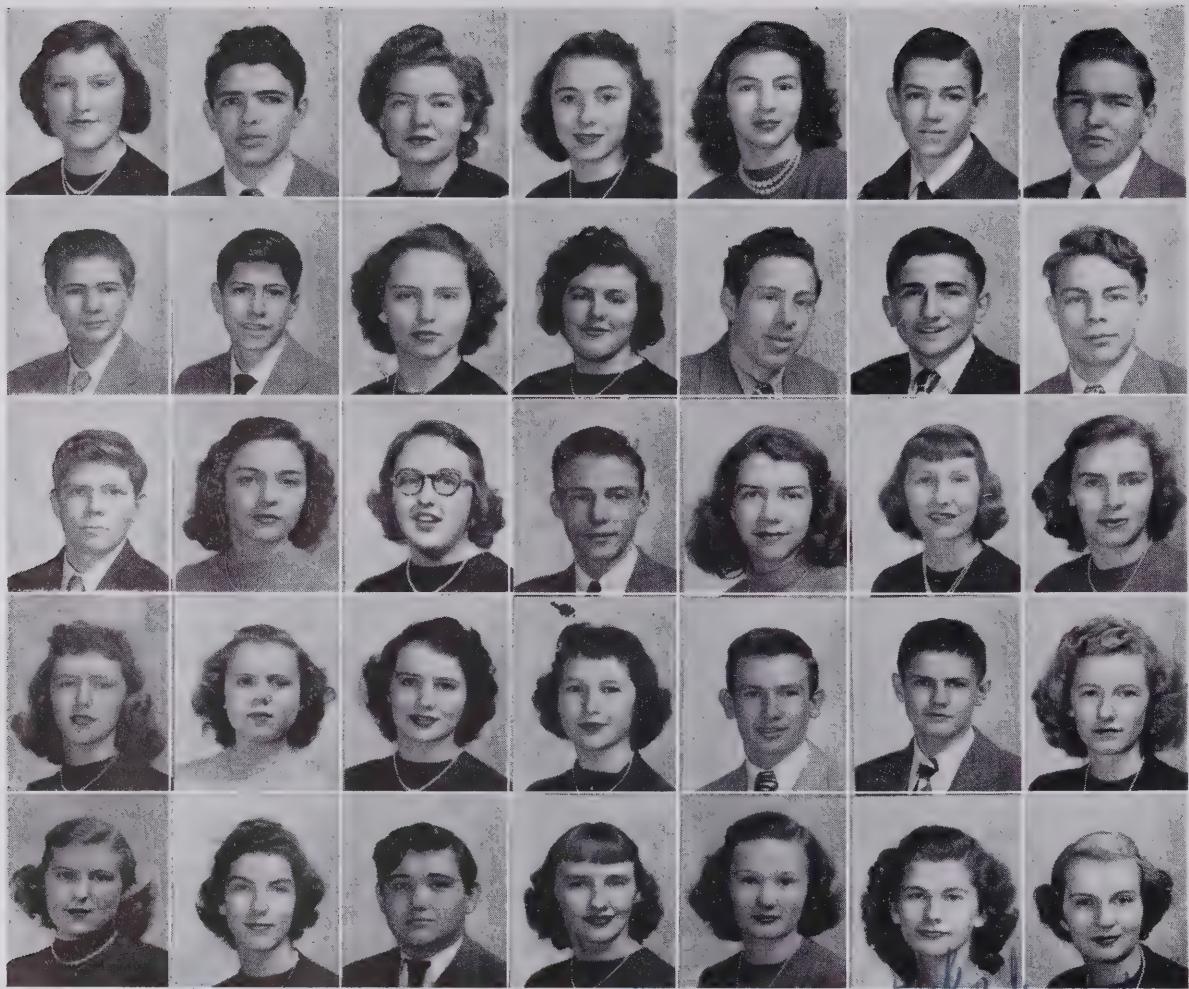


*Ridge above Ohio River Street, W.
May 15-52*

Dear Peggy -

It seemed a few years ag. that we'd never get here, but at last we're here - dispositivo - being a Swiss will be loads more fun but then what? oh well, life's like that

You're really a sweet gal Peggy, and these times spent with you are really enjoyed - Remember us as just another gal. Love ya' again. J.A. Thanks for your letter!



Bret. Bret.
always.
Darryl
Sarge

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Mickey Adams, Bobby Allen, Annette Barber, Juanita Beroth, Barbara Blakley, Bobby Brewer, Grady Clifton, Amos Conrad, Gene Doub, Peggy Doub, Joann Dull, David Fox, Kyle Fulk, Jackie Graham, Jack Medlin, Lorena Needham, Ann Nicholson, Eddie Nicholson, Ellen Nixon, Jane Norman, Betty Pfaff, Dotty Phillips, Elizabeth Qualls, Virginia Ritchie, Betty Robertson, Charlie Sapp, Larry Sharp, Pat Shermer, Vallie Shore, Eleanor Sigmon, Don Whelan, Faye Wolff, Anne Wooters, Evelyn Yarber, Carolyne Yow.

RESURRECTION

The sun is a friend
Well-loved,
Whose face makes glad
Our morning.
On leaving sleep for the toil
Of day,
We rejoice if his face
Is smiling.
If fog or cloud obscure
His light,
Our hearts grow sad
And dreary,
And stumbling lag
The hours.
When golden moments,
Bright pennies,
Spill from the day's
Full basket,
The sun goes down
In majesty.
It passes as goes a dear one
From earth,
But leaves us not utterly
Desolate,
For darkness lasts only
A night,
And the faithful heart,
Fears not
But eastward looks where breaks
The day.

Hugh Coltrane.

EVENING

God takes His brush, when day is done
And paints the sunset sky,
"All well, be still," He says to earth,
As the last bright embers die.

And so for me when day is done,
And twilight greys the west,
I'll hear again, "All's well, be still,"
And gladly sink to rest.

Sarah Coltrane.

CLOUDS

Have you ever watched clouds go rolling by
Like an ocean of white caps up in the sky?
They move like the waves in the open sea
Possessing no worries and wholly carefree.
Like the waves that move with the moving tide
They are blown by the wind and tossed far and wide.

Bill Barton.

CELESTIAL HUNTER

When on a winter's night up in the sky
I see the stars adorning heaven's floor,
Their faces are the faces of friends I love,
And their names sing in my ears like chords from a full-
voiced organ.
Far to the south shines great Orion,
The brave and mighty One;
Three stars are in his belt — how wonderful
To wear a belt of living stars!—
And a sword hangs by his side.
Great Orion and I have one thing in common —
We both have a faithful dog.
What do they hunt in the forests of heaven?
What celestial rabbits does Sirius, the Dog Star,
Pursue down the devious lanes of the Milky Way?
Does he bring them still warm
To his Master's feet,
The way my Scottie brings love offerings
To me?

Peggy Sue Riddle.

THE STORM

It thrilled me to lie awake last night
And hark to the storm's wild weeping
It raged and tore at slumber's door
And roused me from my sleeping.

The lightning cascaded with crackling flame
Unlashed, untamed, defiant,
And the thunder rolled with helpless rage,
A bound and tortured giant.

On a sullen cloud in the midnight sky
While winds of discord played
The storm was born of heat and cold
Above a world dismayed.

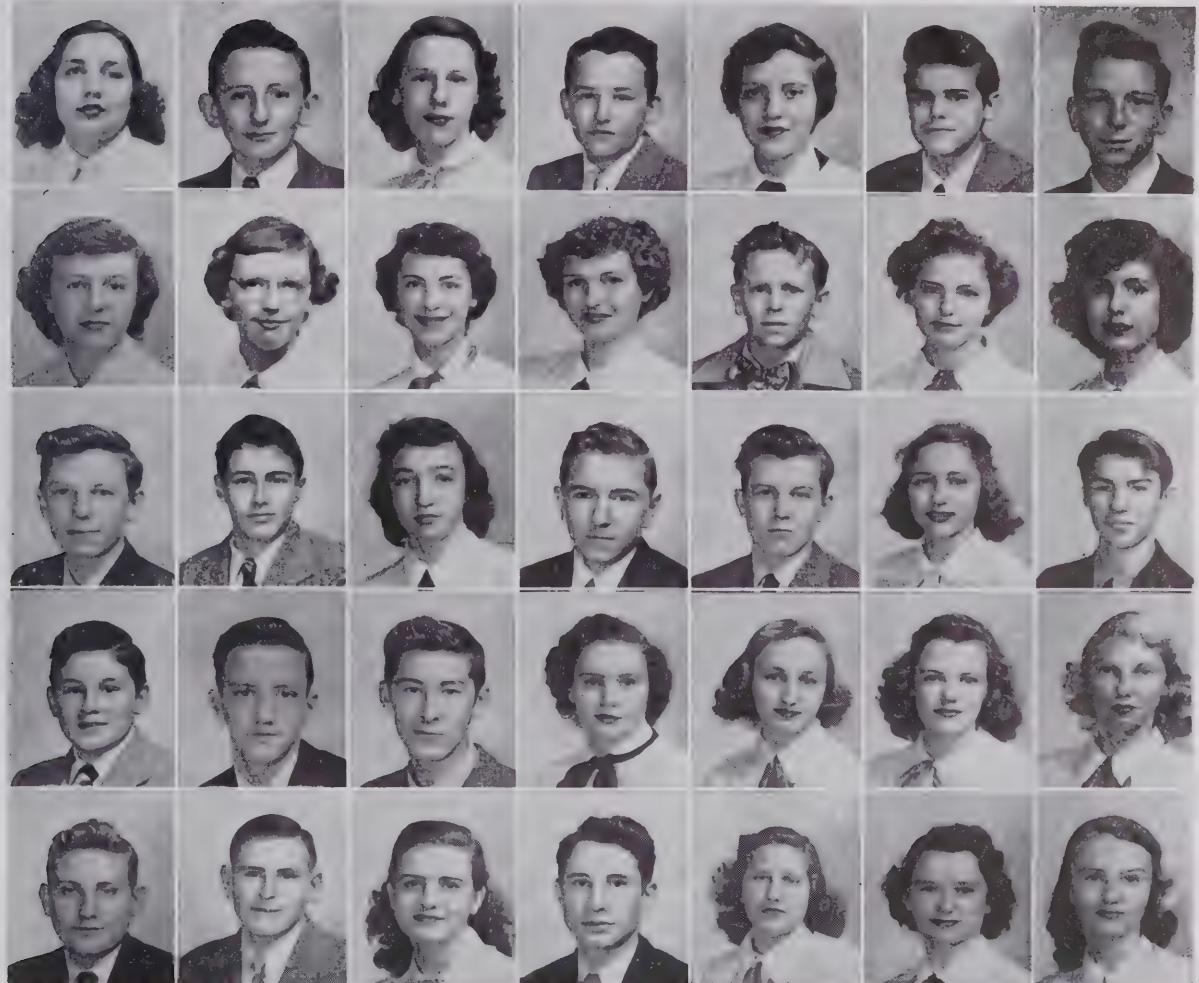
And I awoke from dreamless sleep
To watch exultingly
And know that the storm was brother twin-born
With the storm that raged in me.

Ryland Vaughn.

*Copy due
to be
borrowed
by
a
boy*

FRESHMAN CLASS

Peggy Bovender, Max Briggs, Barbara Branson, Billy Buie, Eleanor Butner, Guy Carswell, Garland Cartner, Jane Chadwick, Shirley Comer, Hazel Doub, Peggy Dymott, Clyde Fine, Betty Ann Flynt, Jo Ann Fowler, Dan Goldner, Dean Gough, Virginia Haigwood, Vernon Hunter, David Jenkins, Gwinn Knott, Harry Linebach, Jimmie Logan, Charles Posey, Donald Redding, Peggy Ritchie, Frances Ronk, Sue Shermer, Iris Shore, R. F. Shouse, Bobby Turner, Margaret Vaughan, Melvin Walker, Betty Wicker, Barbara Yates, Carolyn Young.



*Peggy Sue,
Good luck
to a sweet girl
to a boy to me
Carolyn*



First Row: Betty Winfrey, Maxine Wishon, Bobby Young.

THE STREAM

Out of a cleft, grey rock I spring,
Near the crest of a motherly hill,
And like a small child I babble and sing,
And restlessly tumble and spill.

Strength I gain as I go on my way,
From many a brook just like me;
And I travel on by night and day,
Forever in search of the sea.

I leap thru hills like an elfish sprite;
I twist, and race, and turn;
I plunge over cliffs of dizzying height,
And build a safe home for a fern.

Quietly through the lowlands still,
I slip, and glide, and roll
To turn the wheel of the old, red mill,
And rest at the swimming hole.

The city near me glows and gleams
With lights in luminous shower
That flowed from out a wise man's dreams,
Dreams that harnessed my power.

I flow forever, nor ask to rest,
Secure in my destiny;
In bridal veil of white mist dressed
I hurry to meet the sea.

Hubert Cartner.

"We require a goal, sir, and a large measure of leadership and unity."





STUDENT GOVERNMENT

Seated: Hubert Cartner, Ginger Ritchie, Ryland Vaughan, Mr. Shore, Adviser; Hugh Coltrane, President; Margaret Vaughan, Secretary; Nancy Petree, Jane Fulk, Garland Cartner. Standing: Peggy Sue Riddle, Joanne Dull, Don Whelan, Shirley Comer, Charles Posey, Loraine Needham.



QUILL AND SCROLL

On March 30, 1950, the Walkertown chapter of the Quill and Scroll came to Old Town School to organize a new chapter of this international honorary society for high school journalists. Students from the Old Town junior and senior classes were tapped for membership and initiated on this occasion. These new members are: Mary Ausband, Phyllis Hemrick, Jean Oehman, Ryland Vaughan, Hugh Coltrane, Hubert Cartner, Peggy Conrad, Patricia Dockery, Jimmy Pinnix, Jane Fulk, Mary Jane Hines, Nancy Petree, Jean Jennings, Mary Lou Blevins, and Peggy Sue Riddle. The faculty adviser is Mrs. Louise Newman.



"OLD TOWN TATTLER" STAFF

Left to Right: Mary Ausband, Business Manager; Jimmy Pinnix, Editor-in-Chief; Mitzie Loflin, Exchange Editor; K. W. Long, Sports Editor; Phyllis Hemrick, Managing Editor; Guy Carswell, Circulation Manager; Eleanor Butner, Make-up Editor.



JOURNALISM CLUB

Left to Right, Seated: Billie Russell, Jeanne Jefferson, Mary Ausband, Betty Snyder, Phyllis Hemrick, Grace Blackburn, Eleanor Butner, Ann Nicholson, Mitzie Loflin, Delores Longbottom, Hazel Doub, Peggy Dymott, Peggy Bovender. Standing: K. W. Long, Carl Dickerson, Jimmy Pinnix, Reggie Luper, Ned Conrad, A. W. Beroth, Guy Carswell, Vernice Beroth, Dan Goldner.



GLEE CLUB

First Row: Peggy Bovender, Barbara Branson, Joan Wood, Jean Oehman, India Penland, Phyllis Hemrick, Betty Lou Cline, Joane Fowler, TommyAnne Blakley, Ann Bailey, Joanne Dull, Carolyn Riddle, Miss Hales, Director. Second Row: Peggy Grubbs, Faye Wolff, Dicie Jones, Charlotte Doub, Peggy Riddle, Cecile Deal, Gayle Clifton, Jeanne Jefferson, Kay Long. Third Row: Gayle Redding, Shirley Holt, Peggy Tesh, Grace Blackburn, Nancy Petree, Ann Nicholson, Iris Shore, Carol Ferguson, Peggy Dymott, Jane Chadwick, Patsy Foster, Carolyn Allen, Jeanette Summerlin.



LIBRARY STAFF

Left to Right: Betty Robertson, Ann Nicholson, Phyllis Hemrick, Mary Ausband, Eleanor Butner, Nancy Petree, Betty Mae Lawson.



CHEERLEADERS

Left to Right: India Penland, Joan Wood, Betty Robertson, Betty Mae Lawson, Chief; Faye Wolff, Jean Belton, Helen Atwood.

India Penland
Joan Wood
Betty Robertson
Betty Mae Lawson
Chief
Faye Wolff
Jean Belton
Helen Atwood



Peggy Sue,
Always remember
our old times together
& especially thank P.J.
Parties I used to go
all the time I used to be
moved to one
of my dear
old friends
Peggy will be
and remember
always
Love you,
Evelyn

MAJORETTES

Kneeling: Becky Scott, Mascot; Left to Right: Ginger Ritchie, Hazel Doub, Billie Russell, Betty Snyder, Delores Longbottom, Chief; Evelyn Shamel.



SENIOR PLAY
"JUNIOR MISS"
By Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields

Cast: Harry Graves, Ben Shore; Joe, Thurmond Lakey; Grace Graves, Betty Lou Cline; Hilda, Jean Jennings; Lois Graves, Mary Lou Blevins; Judy Graves, Nancy Petree; Fuffy Adams, Jean Belton; J. B. Curtis, Hunter Lee James; Ellen Curtis, Peggy Conrad; Willis Reynolds, Richard Fox; Barlow Adams, Buddy Belton; Western Union Boy, Thurmond Lakey; Merrill Feurbach, Herman Shamel; Sterling Brown, C. T. Long; Albert Kunody, K. W. Pfaff; Tommy Arbuckle, A. G. Logan; Haskell Cummings, Porter Allen; Director, Louise W. Newman; Assistant Director, Jane Fulk; Production Manager, Mary Jane Hines.



"YE OLDE TOWNE CRIER" STAFF

Left to Right: Ben Shore, Assistant Business Manager; Joan Wood, Special Features Editor; Nancy Petree, Editor-in-Chief; Peggy Conrad, Business Manager; A. G. Logan, Advertising Manager; Mary Jane Hines, Art Editor; Absent from picture, Herman Shamel, Sports Editor.



BIBLE CLUB

Left to Right, First Row: Elizabeth Qualls, Ann Wooters, Pat Shermer, Betty Winfrey, Ginger Ritchie, Evelyn Shamel, Jane Chadwick, Dicie Jones. Second Row: Nell Blakley, Eleanor Sigman, Betty Thomas, Evelyn Yarber, Vallie Shore, Annette Barber, Dot Fearington, Jeanette Summerlin, Nancy Pitzer, Sarah Coltrane. Third Row: Ellen Nixon, Dotty Philips, Joanne Dull, Carolyn Yow, Loraine Needham, Mary Ausband. Standing: Miss Kennedy.



ELEMENTARY BAND



F. H. A.

Left to Right: Virginia Haigwood, Sue Sherman, Barbara Branson, Frances Ronk, Betty Wicker.



ME









"A sword if you please, sir, of tempered steel, and a crown for the victor."





VALEDICTORIAN
Nancy Petree



SALUTATORIAN
Jane Fulk

*Best wishes
to our
graduates*

Much luck and happiness
a good friend and fine girls
Hugh Coltrane



MARSHALS

Left to right: Ryland Vaughan, Nell Blakley, Sarah Coltrane, Peggy Sue Riddle, Chief; Phyllis Hemrick, Betty Winfrey, Hugh Coltrane.

Peggy
I have enjoyed being
in love with you; like it
the little bit and ~
overall. Best wishes.
See you next year.
Love,
Sarah

*It has been very nice having
you taught the soil school after
Betty, luck to you.
Betty Lou Cline*

COMMERCIAL AWARD

Betty Lou Cline



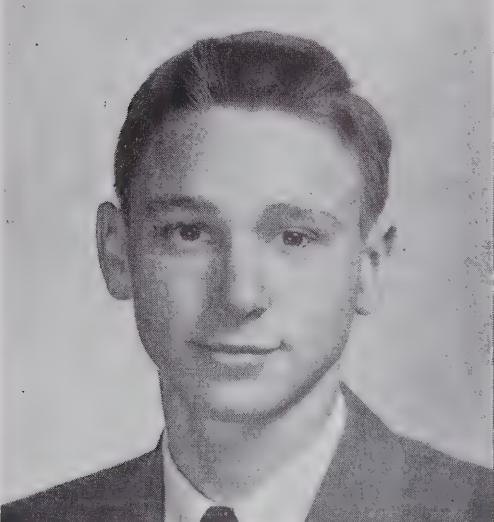
CIVITAN AWARD

Nancy Petree



WINNER OF COUNTY
SOIL CONSERVATION
AWARD

Hubert Cartner





VESPER SPEAKERS

Left to Right: Porter Allen, Joan Wood, Edward Belton, Mary Lou Blevins, Richard Fox.



CLASS DAY OFFICERS

Left to Right: Joan Wood, Testator; Betty Mae Lawson, Prophet; Jean Belton, Historian.



MR. AND MISS OLD TOWN HIGH

Bobby Young, Ruby Jean Shore

"The goal is high and the way is hard; give us something tough and strong that just won't wear out."



SPORTS

The sports calendar for the year 1949-50 began with football practices in September and ended with the final baseball games in May.

First came football, with the team crippled by the loss of several of their players due to injuries received in the early part of the season.

Next came basketball, our most beloved sport. Both teams did well under the expert coaching of Reid Williams, boys' coach, and Elmo Shamel, girls' coach.

Two basketball players who brought special recognition to their school and team were Bobby Young and Herman Shamel. Both Young and Shamel were chosen for the Forsyth County All-Star Team, and Shamel was selected for the All-Tournament Team of the Journal and Sentinel Tournament.

With spring came baseball. Under the coaching of Reid Williams the team had a fair season although it was handicapped by the loss of some of last years players.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Kneeling: Joanne Long, Connie Hancock, Ruth Yates, Juanita Beroth, Dorothy Fearrington. Standing: Mrs. Robert McLaren, Jane Norman, Betty Pfaff, Ruby Jean Shore, Wilma Deal, Evelyn Shamel, Dotty Lou Philips, Jean Oehman, Elmo Shamel, Coach.



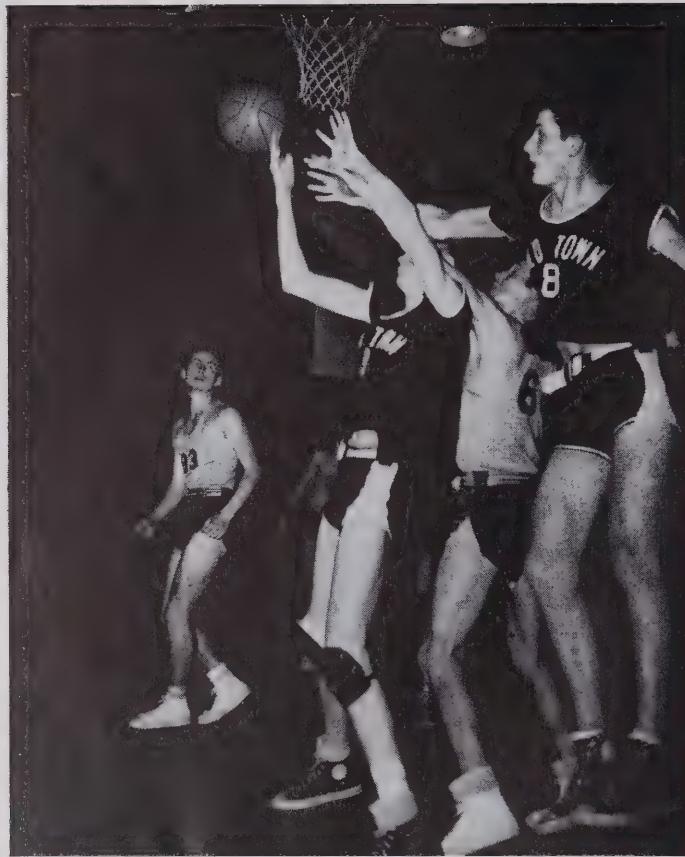
HUNTER LEE JAMES

Absent from basketball picture due to injuries.



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right: Eugene Snyder, Hubert Cartner, Basil Long, A. W. Beroth, Bobby Young, Herman Shamel, Bill Flynt, Smith Beroth, Charlie Sapp, Dan Goldner.





FOOTBALL TEAM

Kneeling, Left to Right: Bryan Hill, Don Whelan, Kyle Fulk, Hubert Sharpe, Manager, Dan Goldner, Grady Clifton, Jimmie Pinnix, David Jenkins, Don Redding. Standing: Bill Barton, Charlie Sapp, C. T. Long, Smith Beroth, Herman Shamel, Basil Long, Charles Fearrington, Hunter James, Eugene Snyder, Coach Reid Williams.



BASEBALL TEAM

Left to Right, Kneeling: Kyle Fulk, Melvin Hunter, K. W. Pfaff, David Jenkins, Gene Doub. Standing: Dan Goldner, Manager; Grady Clifton, Charlie Sapp, C. T. Long, Bob Carswell, Philip Sapp, Reid Williams, Coach.

Peggy Sue
She can't
eat somethin'
nice. I eat
what I eat of course
I could tell a
story though, a
good friend
and I like you very much

"Sugar and spice and everything nice."



DREAM GIRL

I dream of a girl I used to know
And dear is the image that dwells in my mind
Of her golden hair and her eyes of blue
Of her gentle voice that was sweet and kind.
Her laughter rang out like a golden bell
But ever its chiming was tender and low.
Thru sunshine and tempest, thru gladness and tears,
I'll hear it forever, wherever I go.
Her road leads up, while mine goes down,
And never again shall we meet,
But still like the essence of rare perfume
Her memory lives, lastingly sweet.

Jerry Livengood.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

I wish I were a boy again
When life was new as spring,
When tears were spilled like April showers,
And sorrows left no sting.

The girls then never bothered me,
Of love I took no heed,
But now at seventeen, alas,
I'm changed; ah, yes, indeed!

I used to dream of childish things,
And sleep the night away,
But now I dream of Clare, and Anne,
Of Peggy, Jean, and Faye.

Porter Allen.

FIDELITY

I swore that if my love were true
I'd never let him down,
I'd faithful be to eyes of blue
And hair of golden brown.

He left my heart a broken thing
My life a barren place
Because no more the day would bring
That dear, and well-loved face.

But I had sworn I'd faithful stay,
And there's no turning back.
So I'll be true to eyes of gray,
And hair of midnight black.

Helen Atwood.



JUANITA BEROOTH



MITZIE LOFLIN, ELEANOR BUTNER

Betty
you are a
very sweet girl
and I'll
forget you.
Best regards to you
hoping all is well.

I'm so glad to see you again. I hope you will like our
Junior's coat best.

Yours ever. S. B.



BARBARA BLAKLEY, INDIA PENLAND, JEAN OEHMAN



MARY JANE HINES, BETTY MAE LAWSON



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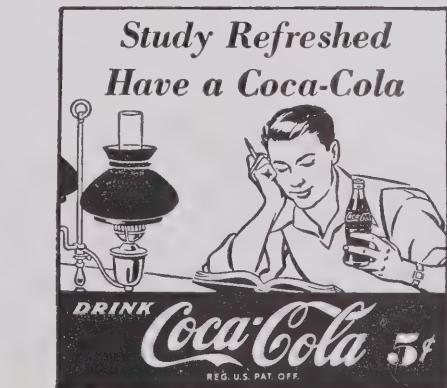
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Peggy Sue -

In case you want to know why I chose this of all spots I do write it's because I am very familiar with the setting.

This year has been a heck of a year - somethings one would like to relive and other

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Marge

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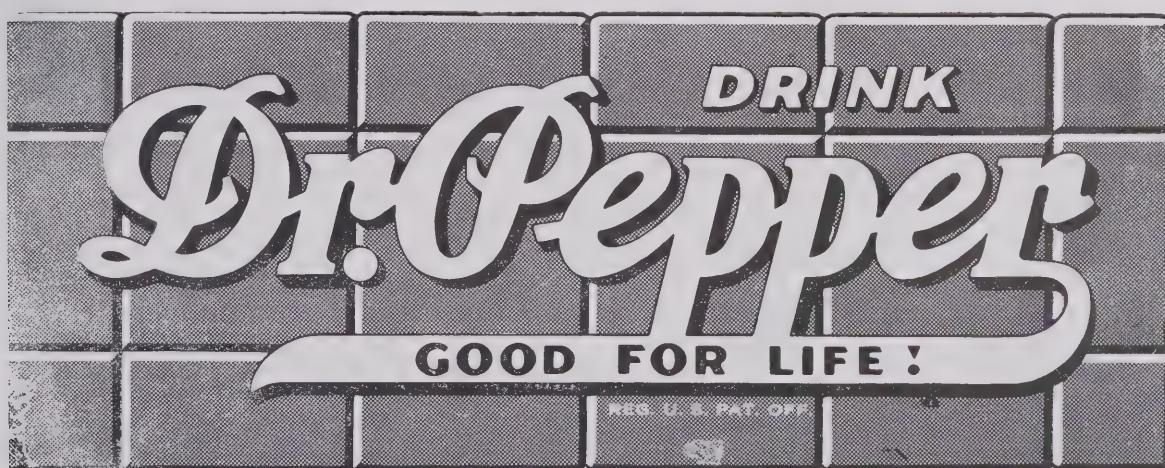
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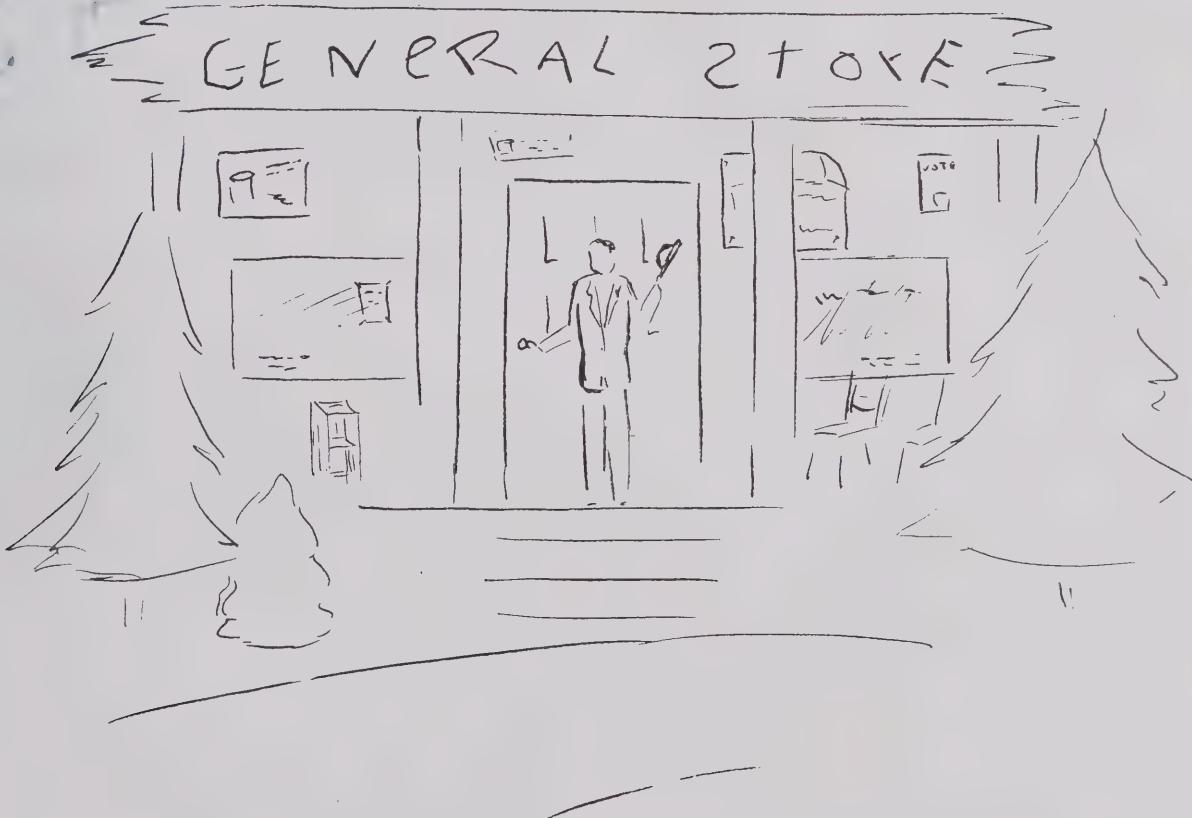
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Autographs

L.W.N.

May 23, 1950

Peggy Sue,

At last the long awaited time is here. Next years seniors will be the best ones yet. Don't you agree? All the years go by and each one is better and more fun. You have been a true friend indeed. Next years will look back and think of all the good times that we have had and then there will be no more life not be so serious though. I wish you the best of everything. You deserve it.

Love ya,
Dot

Copy A. B. P. G.

Don't even forget our
days at the "Rock House"
up the Blue Ridge.
Love - Dot

Best of luck to a
swell scout!
Love you,
Carolyn Allen

Peggy Sue,
I have enjoyed
knowing you this year.
Bobby Allen

Autographs

Be good we will be
well back right away.
We have just as you are
interested in us. with the very
kindest regards

Autographs

Peggy Sue,

Well, I don't guess it will be long until you will be leaving "dear old town." It may not seem possible just think Dick be up there all by myself lonesome. Promise me you will come up to see me. Let's remember all our good times we have had together. Going to Piedmont, and also our camping trips. Let's never forget the Hanes boys. Yes -- I will mention South Park, too. Peacay, han - it's new swell. All of it?!!! Here wishing you all the joy and best wishes that is possible. See Dick until ^{as} you leave in the future years. The ^{is} good and sweet as you have since I've known you and you'll do fine as you start your journey. Give my regards
Doris

Schaeffer's \$5.00 bill Feb. 1

Fred N. Day 3-4 who
Toys - \$7.50 bill
Nash & Moore gas 1 →

Stanley - mon. later
Acrobats \$7.50 1st Oct bill

Kennedy's - last of Nov. →

See

Fred N. Day
Stanley Shoes
Tiny Town
Skips what on?
McPhails →

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